THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poem.

MY SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

They are faded—they are faded—
And sigh entirely days were they!
Scarcely a'er one rose their morning,
What their eves so bright, so gay

I am weary—getting weary,
Very weary of the strife.
The painful workings—waiting,
This incessant tug for life.

I remember—I remember
Each departed face and look;
Wrenched in light and smiles to greet me,
On the green, and by the brook.

How cobwebbed—all cobwebbed,
Did each happy moment lie!
Mid the severely wing wild wood—
'Neath the Summer's laughing sky.

It is lonely—very lonely,
Where the old beloved hall
And the whispering woodlands echoed,
To our boisterous merry call.

They are faded—they are faded,
Face and form and blossom fair;
And, where wondrous fulness embossed,
Now, the toil side loometh bare.

We are scattered—sadly scattered—
We, that met upon the green;
Wanderers as the sun sing sunlight,
Floating where the tide careers.

One departed—one departed
For old England's classic shore:—
Fell of youth and hope and promise
But was never heard of more.

One is sleeping—one is sleeping,
Uh, but not where he would smile,
On his heart are deeply graven
By his mother, merry Mile.

Some in Heaven—high in Heaven
Rest from all their toil at last,
Where the weary with well finished,
Through the golden portals passed.

One, an angel—guardian angel—
Cheerful, smiling, pure and bright;
Some on vonder pointe, ever
Moves around to feed my sight

They are faded—they are faded—
They return to me no more;
They are gone! like the departing shadows,
To the Past's far, twilight shore

Though my path be wild and thorny,
I will not faint and stumble on;
While I know that high in Heaven,
There your wee is loved me have.

Original Tales.

NEVER GIVE UP.
A Tale for the Young.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A man who is easily disheartened, rarely, if ever, succeeds in any thing. If he rise above the common level, it is by those efforts that would be resisted and upon the sea of trade, the first cloud that darkens the sky over his head, starts him into fear, and he is the slave to gloom, there to remain until the end of life.

Of a very different temper from this was Miles Higby. Even while a boy, he exhibited the most indomitable perseverance in his efforts to accomplish whatever he set his mind to work upon. While other boys were hesitating and debating the probability of success, he had sailed all doubts by doing the thing under consideration.

At school he was never known to abandon the attempt to master the most difficult problem. When once he had his mind to the work he never rested until he gained a true result. While fellow students were relieving their difficulties to the teacher, and taking a few quick turns across the room, Miles was struggling to overcome them, and he was always, in the end, successful. Sometimes this did not take place until after repeated failures, but he came out right at last.

The father of Miles Higby lived near the bank of a large river that runs, sometimes with swollen by heavy rains. Miles was about seventeen years old and was just preparing to leave for New York, for the purpose of entering a store there, when a season of heavy storms followed each other so rapidly that it was impossible for the ground to absorb the moist of the reading river. "We must save that man, if human power can save him," said one of the men.

"Where power cannot save him," said one of the men.

"We do not know. Let us make another trial."

"It is of no use—no use," said the answer.

"We are satisfied that it is only risking life, without the remotest possibility of saving the man on the raft."

"Never give up," returned Higby. "Who is willing to join me in another trial?"

Two stout men stepped forward instantly, and the young man's words and actions.

"We will be the first, they said, "if you will guide the boat."

This time the boat was rowed along to a point far above a line with the raft, and shoot, and then the man pushed out into the river. Higby steering almost right across. By this means, the middle of the stream was passed before the strong current had borne them down as far as the rock.

"Head her against the stream," said the young man, easily on their oars, and the boat they move ever drawing to gain. "Now pull hard and strong," he added, as the boat swung round, "and let the current bear her down as quickly as possible."

The united strength of the two men was not sufficient to counteract entirely the force of the wood rush of the waters, but it was enough to keep the boat from moving rapidly. While they pulled with might and main, Higby, with his eyes fixed on a gave the boat just the direction required, and managed to throw her into the little space of comparatively still water above the rock. By this means, as she came slowly down, almost full upon the rock, the man was able to spring into her, before the current, which was wanting to catch the boat and sweep her away just as she passed close to the extreme point of the little island could bear her from his reach. He was saved!

"Yours is a good motto, my young friend," said an old man, as Higby stepped upon the shore "Let it go with you through life—Never give up!"

A few weeks after this, Miles Higby started for New York with about fifteen dollars in his pocket, and a letter to an uncle from whom the family had not heard for two or three years. The uncle—his father's brother—was charged with the care of Miles, and earnestly enjoined to set him by his advice and on every other way that he possibly could.

On arriving in the city, Higby sought for his uncle in vain. His name was not to be found in the City Directory, nor could he meet with any one who had ever heard of him. The spirit of the young man was to get into a store, and obtain a thorough knowledge of some mercantile branch of business. He had depended upon getting a situation through his uncle, who had resided many years in the city, and was mentioned to have an extensive acquaintance among business men. A week's trial, less search for this relative, caused Miles Higby to have some serious thoughts in regard to his future prospects. He was a total stranger in a strange city, and had cut two dollars in his pocket. But he was not one to be easily discouraged. New York was a large place, and there were merchants enough for who would be glad to employ a young man so willing as he was to make himself useful.

After using the most active and untiring means to discover his uncle, to no good purpose, Higby gave up all expectations of having his services further-ed in that way. He had himself alone to depend upon, and he did not distrust himself. He sallied forth one morning, after having looked carefully over the advertising columns of several newspapers, to see in what part of the city the principal stores were situated. The various kinds of business that appeared to be carried on in Maiden Lane, Pearl Street, and a few others, caused his face to fall to that quarter of the city he directed his steps. Along Pearl Street he pursued his way, reading the various signs, yet meeting with no encouragement to enter a store. At length the names upon, and the particular according of a sign, caused him to stop and read it over twice. Its import was as follows:

RICHARDS, OTTERBURNE & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN BRITISH AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

That establishment seemed to strike the fancy of Higby. After a slight degree of hesitation, he walked boldly into the store and asked to see Mr. Richards. He was shown back into a small counting room, to gain which he was obliged to pass through a larger one where several clerks were busily writing at long desks. Mr. Richards was a small man, past the middle age, with penetrating, restless eyes, thin visage and pale cousin nance.

"Well, sir! What is your business?" he asked Higby, as the latter stood before him, cap in hand. The young man, with a slight degree of embarrassment, and knitting his brows as he looked steadily in his face.

"Do you want any assistance in your store?" said Higby, his voice faltering a little in spite of his manly feelings.

"No sir," replied the little natured of the counting room, in a sharp tone, he felt really nettled by the application.

"Do you know of any one who does?" added the young man, but little daunted though encouraged.

"No sir," was repeated still more rudely than before.

Miles Higby was a gentleman from feeling as well as principle. He was young, and ignorant of the world, but he felt that he had been rudely insulted. His natural impulse was to resent the blood to his face, and even to his temples. An indignant rebuke was on his lips, but he suppressed it, and retired with a low, yet dignified bow, that was felt as a reproof by the merchant, he turned away and left the store.

Spite of his reason—spite of his hopeful temper—a gloomy half hour was all that was suffered to go idly by.

"Never give up," he said, with returning confidence, to one of the young men he had been acquainted with, and taking a few quick turns across the room. "When one is willing to work, his hands cannot long be idle. But I have long since I decided to be idle, let me see! I have ten dollars left, and I suppose my bill here cannot be less than three or four. At a dollar a day, my days would consume all my means. Can I get a situation in a week? There's the rub! Possibly I may not. There are two chances to one of existing myself if I have two weeks. Just so. Then I had better try and get employ some where at three dollars a week; for that my funds will hold out just twice as long as they will if I remain here. But suppose I don't get employ at three dollars?"

That question caused him to feel a little unpleasant. A economic reflection, however, brought a degree of his former spirit.

"I will write home and ask father to send me about ten dollars more. Long before that is out, I shall be sure to succeed my efforts."

The first thing was to write the letter, the next was to obtain cheaper lodgings. These preliminaries accomplished, the spirit of the young man resumed a course. But the coming current bore them far down the river, and they got back to the same long distance before they were in view. Higby sighed that started, having been in great peril of their lives.

Alarmed and exhausted, the two men, when they got back with their boat, declared that nothing would tempt them out upon the river again. That it was impossible to reach the poor man on the rock.

"Never give up," said Higby, returning. "Who is willing to join me once more in the boat?"

Two stout men stepped forward instantly, and the young man's words and actions.

"We will be the first, they said, "if you will guide the boat."

This time the boat was rowed along to a point far above a line with the raft, and shoot, and then the man pushed out into the river, Higby steering almost right across. By this means, the middle of the stream was passed before the strong current had borne them down as far as the rock.

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"Yours is a good motto, my young friend," said

the flightiest notice of him. The young man stood for nearly a minute, and then was about turning away, when the merriment deigned to notice him

"Do you want any thing, sir?" he said, looking up his knees, and assuming quite a stern aspect of countenance, as he looked up.

"I am a young man from the country seeking for a situation in a store ——"

Before Higby could say any thing further, the man, with an impatient and contemptuous "humph!" had resumed his employment at the desk.

Our adventurer understood the meaning of this too well to wait for a more decided repulse. He turned away, and left the store.

This repulse drove him back to his lodgings in a despondig mood, where he remained for an hour. That time was fully sufficient to restore his mind's lost equilibrium. "Never give up," he said to himself, arising as he spoke, and once more seeking the open air. He sought a long time for employment—not for employment, led him to reflect upon the subject rather more closely than he had heretofore done, and he saw that this result was much owing to his mode of application as to the characters of the individuals to whom he had applied. He determined that he would act with more wisdom and discretion in future.

But how shall I act?" was the question that followed this conclusion. This was more easily asked than answered.

Three applications, more warily made, during that day, resulted as the first had done—in prompt refusal to give employment to our young adventurer.

"Never give up the ship," he said, with a kind of desperate effort to keep up his spirits, as he retired from the store at which he had made the last of these three efforts. "The world wasn't made in a day. There is plenty of work in this city for all who are willing to work, and it will go hard with me if I don't get my share. Here goes for another trial."

As he said this, a man came to the door of a store which he was just passing, and looked first up and down and then down, as if seeking to discover some one. Higby half-paused, and the man looked hard at him. He stopped, and came back a few paces to where the man was standing.

"Do you want a job, my friend?" said the man.

"Yes, I do," was the quick reply.

"Come in, then."

Higby walked in with a light step.

"If you will take this bundle home for the lady, (a lady stood by the counter) I will give you two shillings," said the man.

"I accept. The bundle was under Miles Higby's arm in a trice. The lady walked out of the store, and he walked after her. In about the space of half an hour, he returned, and received the price agreed upon for the service.

"Do you frequently have bundles to send home?" asked of the man, as he paid him.

"Oh yes. But we have a lad who attends to that for us. He happened to be out.

Higby lingered.

"Are you seeking for employment?" asked the young man, but little deceived though encouraged.

"Yes sir. Higby spoke quick, and looked up eagerly.

"Do you live in the city?"

"My intention is to reside here. I am from the country."

"Are you? What kind of business do you wish to get into?"

"I have been with the intention of obtaining a situation in a store. My wish is to learn some kind of mercantile business."

"Have you no friends here?

"I expected to meet an Uncle in the city—but unfortunately, have not been able to find him or hear of him."

"Indeed! That is unfortunate. What was his name?"

Higby—Thomas Higby."

"I knew him very well. Was he your uncle?"

"That is my uncle's name. But where is he? Can you direct me where to find him?"

"He has been dead for more than a year. It seems strange that you should not know this. But he died very suddenly.

"We know nothing of it. In fact, we have not heard from him for two years.

And you are really the nephew of Thomas Higby? Well, my young friend, that, I can tell you, is some recommendation. Thomas Higby was an honest man and a gentleman. If you discharge all your duties in life as faithfully as he discharged his, no man will ever have cause to complain of you. What kind of business would you prefer to learn?"

"I am ready to accept the first offer that is made. If upon trial, I should not like the business or it should not prove suitable for me, I can resign. My intention was to have consulted my uncle on this subject, and taken his advice. But now, I must think for myself, and make my final decision after I have gained a little experience."

A neighbor is in want of a young man," said the stout shopkeeper. "He is in the wholesale dry goods business. If you would like me to do so, I will speak to him about you."

"Do by all means. I will answer it a great favor. I am a stranger in the city, and will gladly accept of any thing that offers.

The application was readily obtained for Higby, who commenced his duties on the next day, with a light heart. The salary offered was small, but as it was sufficient to meet necessary expenses, where economy was used, the young man was perfectly satisfied. He looked, in the prospect to business, rather than to the emoluments of business.

As might be supposed, Higby gave entire satisfaction to his employer, with whom he remained five years. During the last two years of that time, he was the chief managing clerk. At the end of that period, his employer, in consideration of his services, made him a partner in the business on favorable terms.

Two years from that time, there occurred a great depression in the money market, and a consequent stagnation in trade, all arising from some political measures adopted at Washington, which a party was created throughout the whole country. The house of Martin & Higby suffered severely. They were heavy payments maturing, and heavy balances in the country, upon the receipt of which they depended to meet their obligations. Perceiving the difficulties, they made a clear call to their to their distant customers, and urge more prompt payment. The clerk could do little or nothing, and harassed with the intelligence that it was impossible to get money from the country, for the reason that there was no money there.

This made the aspect of affairs really alarming. Almost the whole of Martin & Higby's business was with the country trade, and payments failing from almost every quarter, they saw that unless money could be raised on accommodation in the city, a temporary embarrassment, which was very distressful. Time was, when they paper would command the cash readily; but money had become scarce, and the rates extremely high.

"I am afraid these is a tempest coming that will sink our ship," said the senior partner to Higby, in a very despondig manner after they held a long conference on the state of affairs. "We can get nothing from the country: we have a heavy stock of goods now—to turn a little or no money in existence here. How are we to meet our payments?"

Higby did not reply for some time. He sat with his eyes upon the floor, serious and thoughtful. Things did look gloomy enough; but it was not in him to despond altogether.

"There must be some means by which we can pass safely over this crisis," he at length said. "Can we not discover them?"

"I have given to the whole subject more or earnest reflection, and, most reluctantly have I been forced to the conclusion, last it is impossible for us to go through."

"Don't say impossible, Mr. Martin. I never liked that word."

"Nor I, but, to say, all things are not possible. Events are not always under his control. If all circumstances combine to break up our business, I will try and not murmur."

"I don't like to take that view of it, Mr. Martin," replied his partner. "It is almost equivalent to abandoning every effort. But never give up' is my motto. It has carried me safely through in more difficulties than one, and I trust will carry me through again. A thought just strikes me. Do you think our young man made as earnest efforts to collect as he might have done?"

"I cannot tell. He says nobody had any money, and, if that was the case, it is not at all surprising that he couldn't get any."

"All the money hasn't sunk in the earth, not been buried in the sea. There is just as much as ever there was, only it has been drawn from general circulation and hoarded, or diverted into some new channels. The idea that has been suggested to my mind is the ad-vailableness of a new bill, or, to the country, to see if I cannot meet with better success. I will go and make a call myself. I have sold nearly every bill of goods, and am intimate with every customer. A personal application, with some arguments added, will, I am confident, bring something. What do you think of it?"

"I think it is at least worth trying."

"I will go this afternoon. If money is to be had I will get it. Let us think about this seriously for a few hours. If it still looks favorable, I will be ready to start to-morrow. At any rate, I will give my best effort, and must of them in the hands of our various debtors. It will take but little or no time to write up all the memorandums I shall want."

The proposition of Higby looked better the more it was thought about. On the next day he was off for the western part of New York, where the heaviest amounts were due. At parting with Mr. Martin, he said,

"I start on the never-give-up principle, and I intend acting on that principle throughout my journey. If there is any money to be had, I will get it. If our customers do not stand by us now, we must fail; and I think that to say so plainly as much better than to fail.

Higby was gone two months. He had a pretty hard time of it, but his perseverance was unconquerable. In every place of any importance he called, and every one was finally brought to do something considerable. Some paid up in full, others gave satisfactory notes, and others paid a very good proportion. The aggregate was a handsome amount when he returned to the city. Some of the debts, however, were thirty thousand dollars—which proved amply sufficient to meet every payment that had to be made.

Mr. Martin, grasping the hand of his persevering young partner, when the latter met him on his return, said, "If you had desponded, all would have been lost. From this day your interest in the business must be equal to mine. No matter by what name the firm may be called it will go hard with me if I don't get my share. Here goes for another term!"

As he said this, a man came to the door of a store which he was just passing, and looked first up and down and then down, as if seeking to discover some one. Higby half-paused, and the man looked hard at him. He stopped, and came back a few paces to where the man was standing.

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Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1856.

TERMS.

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5 COPIES,	$9.00 "
9 "	$16.00 "
17 "	$30.00 "

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For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and one copy of "*Sears' Pictorial Family Magazine*" will be sent one year each.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of "*Sears' Pictorial Family Magazine.*" Or two copies of the "*Saturday Evening Post,*" and one copy of "*Sears' Magazine.*"

We would send one copy of Graham's elegant Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book and one copies of the Saturday Evening Post for $3. Or for copies of the Saturday Evening Post and two copies of Graham's Magazine, or two copies of Godey's Lady's Book for $5.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Our readers will perceive by the foreign advices we publish this week, that the Baronetcy of the length bestowed the imagination of himself and his colleagues in the Queen, and that a new ministry, with Lord John Russell at its head, have come into power. The speech delivered by the Robert, on announcing the dissolution of the ministry, is one of the ablest and noblest we have ever read. It is a straightforward, plain, common sense document, and evidently utters the deep convictions of a sincere and manly heart. He says that when he resolved to take different ground from what his party had assumed in the first place, in relation to the repeal of the Corn Laws, he knew that whether successful or unsuccessful, it must necessarily result in his own political ruin. But he believed that the best interests of his country required the adoption of such a course. To use his own significant language, "the object was to avert dangers which we thought were imminent, and to avoid a conflict we believed would soon place in hostile collision great and powerful classes in this country."

In acting as he has done, Sir Robert Peel has gained for himself a reputation for patriotism and statesmanship, that places him in the first rank of English statesmen. And though a narrow and selfish clan of aristocrats may growl and snarl at the man who has really, by his prudent concessions, saved their lands from the block, and their vast fortunes from confiscation, the time will soon come when even the great body of the nobility itself, shall acknowledge his eminent services and his far-seeing wisdom.

In his allusions to the present condition of Ireland, the retiring premier developed what should be the policy pursued toward that unhappy country, in language that does equal honor to his head and his heart.

"Speaking for myself, I do not hesitate now to say that, in my opinion, there ought to be established between England and Ireland, complete equality in all civil, municipal and political rights.

When I say complete equality, I do not mean, because I know it is impossible, to have a literal equality in every particular. Here, as in matters of more sacred import, it may be that 'the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' I speak of the spirit and not of the letter, in which our legislation with regard to the franchise and other privileges would be conducted. I mean, there should be a real substantial equality, in political and civil rights, so that no person, viewing Ireland from a higher or unconnected eyes, and comparing its franchise with the franchise either of England or Scotland, should be enabled to say, 'A different spirit is applied to Ireland, and on account of some jealousy or suspicion, Ireland has contained and maintained rights.'

And again: "I for one am prepared to re-consider all the people in respect to the tenure of land and the relations between landlord and tenant, in the case that deserves our immediate and most earnest consideration.

This is singular language, some of our readers may think; to free from the logic of a man who but a few years ago was the acknowledged leader of the great conservative party of England. And so it is. But truth is mighty and will prevail. The aristocratic party of Great Britain have many wise men in their midst and they know that "when the hour for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and equality in Ireland, will be but stepping-stones to new reforms, but they also see the rock upon which the French nobility split, and make a bending of the neck time they can no longer with safety to their white cravat ing system of government withheld. Nay—let us deal more charitably with them—they are convinced themselves, many of them, that what the people ask is but just and right, and have the noblemen to tell the people that the power of heaven, the high courts of Heaven and Christianity against them. For we say it unhesitatingly, that the English nobility care more about the loss of their rents of acres, than any other on the face of the earth. There is more nobility, more humility, more true nobleness, than among any aristocracy in Europe.

One thing more in relation to Peel and his great statesman like game for the abolition of the Corn Laws where lesser men saw danger—he did not argue it to himself and party "alone for the great benefits of the opposition—he placed it to the credit of him to whom it properly belongs, the magnetic head and founder of the League, in the following words:

"The name which ought to be, and will be associated with the success of those measures, is the name of a man who, acting, I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, has with unsurpassed energy, by appeals to reason, restored their necessary weight as eloquence the cause to be admitted because it was ineffectual appeals to passion, and has earned a right to be associated with the success of those measures in the name of Richard Cobden."

COUNTING NOSES.

Times says that there is a great deal of speaking but two classes of individuals in the world—those that count noses, and those that don't count noses.

The first before taking sides on any question, always ask that their eyes very carefully along the ranks of the two parties in order to see which has the most wealth, the most respectability, the most of him to give away, or the greatest numbers—in other words they are the creatures of cases.

But the other class, rare and a copper as to how many and how much are on one side or how few and how little are on the other, but find right and the thickest of the fray, regardless of the consequences, striking boldly for what they believe just and right.

And these latter generally succeed, too, in getting upon the right side for, after all, there is very little difficulty in determining the right from the wrong, if we are only willing to lay out selfish interests aside, and have a fair, impartial view. And they generally manage to be on the triumphant side, also in the end, although they may have espoused the cause of the less and the weak, for, in some way or other, God always contrives to favor those that are struggling for the cause of His perfect liberty and gives them a strength that is not in the mere strength of a man.

Yes, Tommy is right—there are but two classes of men in the world—those that count noses and those that don't count noses.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

We were unable to attend the recent exercises at this institution, but understand they were highly creditable to its pupils. That only fear is that the leaders of the children in our public schools generally are too much tasked, instead of too little. The teachers are too apt, when they get hold of a smart boy, to task his energies to their greatest extent, some mistake of the reputation of the school than the welfare of the pupil. It is a very broad principle to say that the health of many children in the city has been injured in this way. It is a pitiful exhibition in teachers, and did every one feel as he did upon the subject, an end would soon be put to it. We have no admiration for precocious children—and we would walk no further to see a learned child than a "learned pig."

DWARKANATH TAGORE.

One of the Bengalese papers states that Dwarkanath Tagore the great East India millionaire is about to visit that country. If he does, look out for fools

A WORD TO REFORMERS.

There is an admirable lesson in the annexed paragraph copied from the Boston Post, one copy of which we receive from the Transcript, and who was gifted with the power of working miracles that he might confound their false conclusions.

Nathaniel Peabody Tenney of Boston was a self-educated people, and although the popular prejudice against ministers, clergymen, &c., was very strong, he was about to go into the mosque to perform his evening devotions, when he imagined that the priest slept only one night; but the mosque lay in ruins; he then went to see his friends and followers, but none of them were found, and prayed to Allah to send abandoned them, or been secretly slain. Not finding any other country, he returned to Arabia; built himself a house in the desert, and lived in the regal Caliphate, and slept there twenty years. On waking

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is my Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Morgan, H. H. Taylor, T. Gardner Gaff, C. T. Dent, Nath. Hemphill, J. T. Hamer and Gen. W. Harrison.*

Mr. JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson*, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States, and for the Cherokee Nation in general.

Mr. Wheeler, G. H. Tyng, Wm. Wilkins, Judge Lake & Wade, H. G. Hall, T. S. Wanmaker will solicit Subscribers.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES MUNCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

DIAN S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for the paper in the State of New York.

General News.

THE KITTERY 10 FRENCH OF THE RED ORANGE VOYAGEURS—Mr. Gallatin, President of the National Intelligencer, speaking of the effect of Gen. Taylor's victories, says

"I believe that the first letter of the Deputies on the 11th inst., two eminent members of the Chamber (of the opposition) went to Versailles, where it was known the late ministers were, and told them that *the Grands occurrences*, and to describe the effect of the intelligence on the Chamber of Deputies. They were provided the assembly; most of the Conservatives even betrayed that feeling. Mr. Guizot (one of his colleagues, and the head of the party, the respect and most devoted, were alone chop-fallen; their discomfiture seemed to announce the rest. It was added by my visitors that the whole party, on each side of the house, and England cause, twenty thousand French volunteers under the command of experienced officers, would at once embark for each other's shores, for the purpose of joining in the invasion of Canada. This plan must from me as an interested party, and which I despise as much as any one, under the proper sources of honor and right; but it is meant at evidence of the excitement which the success of Gen. Taylor has given to the French theatre in London. They are far from being reconciled to the British. With a few exceptions, I have not in my long and various intercourse with Englishmen ever considered any one entertaining for the British as a nation, other sentiments than jealousy dislike, and sometimes of resentment. Such are the effects of the operations of Versailles with whom I have chatted at the reading room, which I frequent there, on the occasion of the arrival of Taylor, possesses the most flattering judgment in respect to boldness, skill and the entire professional process.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL NAVAL COMMUNICATION.—We learn from high authority in Washington, that the President, that Mr. Secretary Bancroft has ordered twenty of the oldest Post Captains to meet here at the Navy Department. The object is stated in the order, but it is, that they may advise and consult as to the best means of making an attack on the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa.

The names of the Post Captains are—

Stewart,	Perry,
Jacob Jones,	Perry,
Morris,	Joseph Smith,
Biddle,	Breese,
Rodgers,	Dallas,
Dornes,	Gregory,
Ballard,	McKeever,
Ap Catesby Jones,	Farley,
Shubrick,	McCauley,
Skinner,	Stringer,
Kearney,	Bennett,

These officers are now on ready for the Capital, and will be there at the appointment of the session.

We understand that Commodore Morris is appointed to act afloat on the Castle, but the Cabinet has declined to act on the matter, and that the Commodore will even be given their advice as to the best way to do it till he left home on our navy.

We do not know that the Cabinet will ever meet, but when this was determined upon, decided on a perfect dismemberment of the Northern Provinces of Mexico, and the expedition was ordered to be ready to leave this city for California, in part of the organization to take possession of the weak Mexican provinces of the North.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE RANDOLPH NAGGERS.—The Sidney Argus, of Saturday, says these negroes remain on Colonel Johnson's farm near Piqua. That paper confirms the facts stated in the last number of the Sentinel, in the late outbreak, and insists that—They should have made their escape from the state, and not have been purchased, and not waited until they had drawn the last cent they could expect out of the pockets of the people—some fifteen—and then come in armed force and refuse to let them take possession of their property, as they have done. We hope that the whole affair will end in an outrageous as the extreme, and the participators should be severely punished. What makes the thing worse, is the fact that a number of those who were active in their opposition to the blacks, loaded in their vicinity to leave, &c. were the very men who sold them land, rented them wages for their services in buildings, and actually pocketed a large amount of money for provisions, not two weeks before the arrival of the party whom they have so unfortunately treated.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

MR. JUDGE LEWIS.—On the 10th inst. about forty ladies of the village of Marysville, Ohio, duly assembled, proceeded to a bowling alley, armed with axes, hatchets, hammers, &c. and completely demolished it. They then proceeded to the residence of the Judge, and after presenting him with some axes to their domestic peace for some time with an anxious and jealous eye, and having warned him to refrain from the practice, the ladies then returned for some to take the law into their own hands. They acted at it with much spirit and energy—hatchets flying, axes ringing, and the walls caused the roof to the ground, and finished with trampling upon and breaking to pieces the roof. The Judge was in a mighty bad temper, and this work of destruction was accomplished in little less than an hour, to the relief of the husbands of those ladies whom they were out!

BRAND SURETY.—A merchant of this city publishes the following account in the U. S. Gazette:

"Last year about this time, I had a note given to me from that port, some 2,000 bushels red and white wheat, worth, at that time, 10 to 10½ cents per bushel, and was admitted at the lower rate of 9 cents per bushel, equal to 10 cents per bushel. The note was not paid, but received accounts at its sale, and it sells to cents per bushel of sixty pounds. I have since learned that the duty is merely to note cents to shillings per quarter; at this the note proceeds would have been 62 cents per bushel.

EF The first newspaper communicated in Oregon has found its way into the States, and the editor of the St. Louis Reveiller has received a letter from the editor of the Oregon Spectator, dated February 18th, 1846. It is entitled "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way. It contains a copy of the Constitution and laws of the Legislature of the territory, also, an act to prevent the introduction and sale of ardent spirits in Oregon. The editor, Mr. A. Lovejoy, has a large corps of writers, and that the paper will be neutral in politics, and devoted to the general interests of the territory. Let us all the same success to the editor that he is Dunne, one of the Jeffersonian school.

SANTA FE TRADE.—The doctrine laid by the government, is that Santa Fe is within the United States, and the duties have been returned on goods taken thither by Mexican traders, under a clause of our treaty with Mexico which provides that in case war the citizens of each nation, having property in the other country, shall be allowed to remove it, or sell it, at their option, and to return to it. The debenture plan, as a general system, is therefore at an end with regard to that trade.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

EF Capt. John Page, who so nobly distinguished himself in the Battle of Palo Alto, and was dangerously wounded, died on the morning of the 10th inst., on board of the steamer Missouri, when a short distance above Cairo. His remains were brought to St. Louis for interment. His wife had succeeded in reaching him before his death.

THE LATE DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE.—The parties who slipped from Hempstead Branch last week, were pursued by the husbands to Rochester, where they were arrested as disorderly persons, and taken back to Albany; but this charge being insufficient to justify their detention, the husbands caused them to be arrested on a charge of stealing the clothes worn by the women, which the law presumes to be the property of the husbands, and they were in custody at Albany at the last advices.

One of the runaway wives was met with *joy* by her husband, and received by him as usual. Mrs. Hendrie, the wife of one of the men, has died from grief, it is supposed, for her husband's desertion.

COOL FORETHOUGHT.—The most admirable instance of prudential forethought we ever heard of occurred in Boston a few days since. Three lunatics were engaged in taking down a wall in Mount Vernon Street. The wall fell upon and buried them. A lady from the opposite side of the street, Mrs. Hendrie, the wife of one of the men, has died from grief, it is supposed, for her husband's desertion.

Miscellaneous News.

ALEX. DUMAS AND MAXE CHEAL.—The following is a bit of Paris scandal. We find it in the correspondence of the Courier and Enquirer:

Alexander Dumas has announced another monstrous historical novel, the Memoirs of a Physician, in numerous volumes, the scene of which is laid in France, and extending through some five and twenty years, and so many volumes. He has just been most capitally sold by Mr. Cheal, who has made a case for him to go over to play at the French theatre in London. Dumas has received the money before hand, and has begged his imitation, insisting, when the painter arrived, that for—said acquaintance sake he should paint his portrait. Dumas set out for Paris, and left Chet, authorizing the publication of the picture, 5,000 francs, and you shall have the engagement and plate." To suit a long banquet sheet Dumas, who is very sensitive to ridicule, paid 2,000 francs, but has not yet received the picture! Is not Cheal strongly stuck off 5000 copies! They sell at a round price.

NEWS FROM YUCATAN.—By the arrival of the ship Josquina at New Orleans on the 20th ult. the Yucatan papers of the 13th inst. have been received. They declared the Independence of Yucatan, and its dismemberment from the Mexican Republic. The acting President of the Republic of Yucatan.

A letter from Mexico of the 4th inst. says:

Yucatan have not hesitated to express their hope that in two or three years from the present time, if not sooner, they will be able to form a part of the United States; the fact increasing numbers that are now crowding into the bazaars of the state and stripes of the United States.

The U. S. brig Somers was the only vessel of war off the port. Every thing was quiet.

We understand that Commodore Morris is opposed to an attack on the Castle, but the Cabinet has declined to act on the matter, and that the Commodore will even be given their advice as to the best way to do it till he left home on our navy.

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The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Morning Post.

REVIEW FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 13.

FLOUR & MEAL—The market for flour and meal is very dull, low prices to secure some of the light receipts and the unusually light stocks offering, are firmer. The week's sales for export amount to about 4000 bbls. among the extra brands at $4.37½ a $4.50 for fresh ground Brandywine at $4.37½; good brands Pa. fresh ground at $4.62½, and stock western and Pa. at $4.75@4.81½ and occupied at $4.50@4.62½ per bbl. For city consumption, limited sales of western and Pa. at $4.62½@4.75 per bbl. for common and extra brands. Rye flour in store and offering sparingly, sales of 200 bbls at $3.12½ per bbl. Corn Meal—Sales of 1500 bbls Pa. at $3.50 per bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of wheat continue very light, and the demand very moderate. Sales of 8000 bushels good and prime Pa. red at 98a99c.; 4000 bushels good and prime mixed and white 94a97c.; 1000 bushels inferior southern 93c; and a small lot of new Pa. red at 93 cts per bushel.—Small sales of Pa. at 97c. Corn—Sales of 40,000 bushels Southern at 57½c; southern and Pa. flat 56a58c, and white 58a59c; southern and Pa. flat 56a58c, and white 58a59c; southern and Pa. flat 56a58c, and white 58a59

Selected Poetry.

MAN WAS NOT MADE TO MOURN.

BY W. FERGUSON.

There is a voice which bounds me still,
Where'er on earth I be;
In lonely vale, on lofty hill,
And on the distant sea—
I hear it in the silent night,
And at the break of morn;
And say it reads—dark or light—
Man was not made to mourn!

In every season that we tread flown,
That voice utters mine ear;
In every wind that round me blows,
In thrilling notes I hear;
In every sound of Nature's heart,
The cheerful or forlorn,
The ever bears the better part—
Man was not made to mourn!

The sun that gleids the summer noon,
The light that blesseth all,
The myriad stars, the quiet moon,
The shempers from heaven that fall,
The flowers which in our meadows grow,
Our mountain parks adorn;
All, all, in their own fashion show
Man was not made to mourn!

All Nature cries aloud—but man
Regards not Nature's voice;
Forgetful her bourgeois time diminishes,
Her workmanship destroys—
From her his book the brightest page
With ingratitude blots out,
Yet still she cries, from age to age,
Man was not made to mourn!

Oh, goodliest mother! may thy child
Ken long thy beauty read!
Embrace thy precepts, loving, mild,
Thy fraternizing creed—
Then shall the blessed end be known
For which he has been born,
And all shall cry, from zone to zone,
Man was not made to mourn!

Agricultural.

FORESTS:—THEIR INFLUENCE ON CLIMATE, ETC.

(We cannot believe lay the following long but very interesting article; but considering the source it comes from, we believe our readers, although it exceeds our custom, will be usually gave under our Agricultural head. The preservation of our forests is a subject of the first importance.—Ed.)

The rapidity of man in us where more inconsiderately manifested, as where seen in a more laconic side point of view, than in the injudicious, often wanton, destruction of the forests of a country. Reckless, and perhaps ignorantly so, of consequences, he prostrates acre after acre, with the sole view of benefiting by wealth, even when he has already more perhaps than he is capable of enjoying. It is true that the immediate wealth of the country is thereby increased; and we have become a rich if well as a great nation; but posterity will suffer the results of our folly, or to say the least, of our improvidence, and regret that we did not rather leave them wood than money. Even we are already beginning to suffer the fruits of our own rapidity and mismanagement—while judging from appearances we shall leave to posterity, not a wilderness, but a desert. I am aware that these considerations do not have little influence on those who "live only for themselves," but certainly that man is not to be envied, whose whole aim and object in living are confined within the narrow limits of self.

It is not my design to consider the subject exclusively in relation to posterity, but rather to offer a few remarks on the influence of forests on climate, and to endeavor to show that the climate of a country is essentially changed by the destruction of its forests.

The first effect thereby produced is to destroy the uniformity, or rather the equability of a climate. In Germany, the destruction of the forests and the draining of lake lakes, it is said, have made the winder the climate warmer. This increase of temperature must evidently be confined to the Summer season, for reasons which will appear in the sequel. In the Cape de Verd Islands, the destruction of the forests has tended to render the atmosphere sultry and the delightful climates of Greece, of Italy, and of many other countries, have suffered from the same cause.

In our own country, who does not remember when our climate was more equable and uniform that at present. Our winters were cold, it is true; but they appeared and disappeared in their proper season, and the excessive heat of our Summers was modified by the cool and refreshing East to rise to day. Spring exhibited the gradual and beautiful transition from Winter's cold to Summer's heat—a phenomenon now rarely witnessed in its pristine beauty.

I immediately connected with the effect upon the atmosphere, and a consequence thereof, is its effect upon the earth. In all countries where observations have been made, it is found that the springs and streams have greatly diminished, and in some countries, almost entirely "dried up. Such has been the effect on those of the Cape de Verd Islands mentioned above, many of which have, since the forests have been destroyed, entirely disappeared; and the writer well remembers the time when several streams in one of the eastern counties of this State, (N. Y.) so lately as the early part of the present century, were of sufficient size and uniformity to render them valuable as mill streams, and on which a number of mills were erected, but which are now entirely dry during a large portion of the Summer, and of so little value for economical purposes, that nearly all the mills have been suffered to run to decay. Several springs also which then furnished a plentiful supply of water during most of the year, have seldom their during a large portion of the summer season. I might also add the total or partial failure of wells, so late so frequently complained of in different parts of the country, especially at the east. Wells that had never been known to fail before for perhaps half a century, or more, have within the last few years evinced symptoms of a decline unknown in their early history.

Another effect attributable in a great measure to the same cause, is the frequent and severe droughts witnessed almost every season in those Counties and States where the forests have been extensively destroyed. Witness those terrible droughts and consequent famines that have of late years visited the Cape de Verd Islands. Witness also those that we have lately visited our own Eastern States, and the Eastern portion of the States. I do not mean to say that these effects are to be attributed entirely to the destruction of the forests, but I have no doubt this is one and a principal cause.

Another effect attributable to the same cause and a plain proof of a change of climate, is the difficulty of raising fruit and Winter grain. Who has not observed the great change in this respect? The writer well remembers the time when Winter wheat was raised in the Eastern part of the State, as abundantly and easily as in the Western. The Winter had only to be put into the ground "in the proper time, and he fell sure of an abundant crop. No wheat, (or very little, and that with great difficulty,) is now raised in that part of the State. This cannot be attributed to the exhaustion of the soil for two reasons first, for some where near the experiment was first tried, the soil growth is good, but it is killed during the Winter and Spring; and second, because even so well exhausted as the soil is, the result is very much the same; the autumn growth is abundant, but it cannot withstand the severity of the Winter.

The same effect begins to manifest itself in this part of the State. In regard to fruit especially plum and peach trees, I will not say the loss (or even so in the subject, must have observed the change. Plums have entirely disappeared from the older parts of the country, as we round such great old cattle, and peaches are fast following in the train. These things, as already stated, are not the effect of exhaustion in the soil but of wintry exposure; in other words, of a change of climate. It appears from the best meteorological observations on the subject, that the climate of this country is gradually becoming colder, and whether it be true or not that the heat of Summer is thereby increased, it will follow that the Winter's cold must be greater.

"But," it may be asked, "how does the presence of forests prevent these effects?" Before we attempt to explain; produce them if" We answer, 1st. They protect the earth from the effects of severe frosts. It is well known that frosts never penetrate so deeply into the earth, in forests, and their immediate vicinity, as in the open fields. This results partly from the protection they afford against the action of winds, and partly from their preserving the uniformity of the snow." Hence the greater amount of snow on a country, the greater the protection. Hence also even a small number of trees scattered through fields, and along roads and fences will by the force of winds contribute in some measure to the same effect. And how easily might the number of such trees be multiplied, not only without injury to the farmer, but even to his material advantage, as well as to the great benefit and advantage of the country.

2d. They modify the intense heat of the summer air by evaporation from the leaves. Plants and trees absorb moisture from the earth, much of which, incapable of being appropriated to their own use, is thrown off by their leaves. Their leaves are their organs of respiration, and by imparting moisture to them in atmospheric air, they contribute to and tend to equal as its temperature. We have a familiar illustration of this in the cooling of the air in our rooms in hot weather, by sprinkling water upon the floor. Hence even scattering trees will contribute their proportion to the same effect. This is evident from the fact that orchards are cooler than naked fields; an effect not attributable wholly to the shade, but in part also to the moisture given off by the leaves. Hence the difficulty of drying hay in orchards.

3. From whatever cause it may happen, I believe it is true, that more water falls in wooded countries than in those that are divested of their trees. This together with the circumstance, that the former is lord against evaporation from the surface of the earth, and their influence in checking the violence and effect of winds even in summer, operates to prevent severe drought, and consequently, the drying up of streams and springs. It may also be remarked, that the failure of these in time diminishes the quantity of water raised by evaporation from the earth, and thus tends to promote drought.

If what has been said above be true, we see the duty which people owe both to themselves and to posterity. That it is true in the main, there can be no doubt. We infer then, the duty of every one who has the means, to promote the cultivation of all kinds of trees that may be either useful or ornamental; not only fruit but forest trees. And we earnestly request all owners of wood-lands to exercise a judicious economy in the management of them, both in regard to quantity and arrangement. Land should always be cleared with reference to the direction of prevailing winds, and every unprofitable spot of land should remain untouched. That man can hardly be forgiven who, from mere motives of worldly gain, cuts down nearly all the timber from his one hundred acres (more or less) reserving, as he very complacently tells us, enough for his own use; much less he, who sweeps away every thing in the shape of a tree, (except, perhaps, a few fruit for running sweep of the house,) and leaves not even sparing the shade trees by the way side. By such management, or rather mismanagement, he not only injures himself, but to the extent of his influence, the whole community. How much better would it be for every inland country, if the clearing of the lands had been subjected to some wholesome restraints, or pursued on scientific principles.

Again, I might argue the importance of preserving and promoting the growth of trees, on other grounds than those of interest and utility. The hand of the Great Creator has in many instances clothed not only of its forests, but even of its scattering shady trees and parched with drought, is anything but inviting to the weary traveler. What would be an uninviting world would this soon become, if its physical affairs were regulated according to the caprice or rather the want of taste of some of its occupants! Even in its fallen state it has not lost all its primitive beauty—and if a man would only look for it, he would find it. I might even now be said almost a "garden," both in beauty and productiveness.

I might also urge our duty to posterity. What will the future generation do if the present shall continue the existing system of destruction? I know of no reason why the owner of a valuable farm must necessarily clear some tenths of it for the purpose of accumulating property, even for his children. Does he not see that woodlands are more valuable in almost any part of the country, than other lands? Will he not then better consult the interests of his children by leaving their lands in a state of nature, than in a state of exhaustion? In the latter, we may not suffer the want of fuel, (though we may suffer other evils;) but where is our pillion timber? Where are the forests that are to supply us to sacrifice the interests of posterity to our own ease or profit?

I am often complain of physical evils. Some of these are evidently beyond our control; others are doubtless caused, or at least, greatly aggravated, by our own ignorance or mismanagement. It is true, however, in physics, as in morals, that he who violates a law must suffer its penalty. The animal increases in speed, or rather, becomes will be better understood, but in order to accomplish this end the mind, result, it is necessary that those who may suffer either evils; but where is our pillion timber? Where are the forests that are to supply us to sacrifice the interests of posterity to our own ease or profit?

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H.

Fairport, N. Y.

Straw, burnt trees, and shrubs, greatly check the collation of heat from the earth.—Ed.

The Instructor.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

Why was the custom dance so called?

Because it partly consisted of women kneeling on a cushion to be kissed by the male dancers. Selden speaks of the "Cushion-dance;" and says that the old custom of dancing, lord and groom, lady and kitchen maid, without distinction.

Why do small persons seek the use to stone of tall ones?

Because this was once considered a good omen of bright prospects in life. Henrick alludes to this custom.

While that others do done
Burst is the brize on whose the sun doth shine.

The ancient claim that a wedding consider rain on the dead at funerals as typical of resurrection.

Why was the Drummer Flitch of Bacon custom established?

Because Lord Fitzwalter, in the reign of Henry III., ordered, that whatever married man did not repent of his marriage, or quarrel with his wife, in a year and a day after it, should go to his parish and demand the bacon—on his swearing to the truth, kneeling on two stones in the church-yard—he should have it.

Why the "big beam of the hall?"

Because the chief feature in the interior of each was the great or stone hall, which thus gave its name to the whole house. It corresponded to the modern hall of the abbey. The principal entrance to the main building, from the first or outer court, opened into a through deiky, having on the one hand several doors or arches, leading to the buttery, kitchen, and domestic offices, on the other side the hall, paved off by a screen, generally of wood elaborately carved, and enriched with shields and a variety of ornaments, and pierced with several arches or doorways, leading to the screens, and over the lobby, was the minstrel's gallery, and on its front were usually hung armor, antlers, and similar trophies of the hunter's skill. The hall itself was a large and lofty room, in shape of a parallelogram; the roof, the timbers of which were traced with pendents, and sometimes richly emblazoned with heraldic insignia, formed one of its most striking features. "The beam of the hall" is frequently in the position of his coat of arms, as symbolical manner of thinking the health of the master of the house. At the upper end of the chamber, facing them from the entrance, the floor was usually raised a step, and this part was styled the dais; as high the types of our unit the dais was a raised and sacred window, reaching nearly down to the floor, the other windows ranged along one or both sides of the hall, of some importance, were generally found to have room for winterizing or arises below them. The walls were lined with stained glass, represented the armorial bearings of the family, the coat of arms of the alliances, and royal patrons, and between the windows hung pictures of the ancestors or family persons. The floral arms usually occupied a conspicuous station at either end of the room. The head table was placed on the raised platform, parallel with the upper end wall, and other tables were ranged along the sides of the hall, and those nearest the upper end were usually set apart "banquet wise." In the center of the hall was the central fire, or fire-iron, against which logets were piled, and burnt upon the stone floor, the smoke passing through an aperture in the roof commodiously overhead, which was generally formed into an elevated lantern, a conspicuous ornament to the exterior of the building. In latter times, a wide arched fire-place was formed in the wall on one side of the room.

A glass workman, with the assistance of a gallener and blower, will finish one hundred and twenty dozen of quart bottles in ten hours.

THE GLUTTON.

THE GLUTTON.

The Glutton, which is so called from its voracious appetite, is an animal found as well in the north of Europe and Siberia, as in the northern parts of America, where it has the name of Carcajou. From the best accounts we have of it, the body is thick and long, and the legs short; it is very nearly the back, and of a reddish color on the sides; its fur is held in the highest estimation for its softness and beautiful gloss, for which it is like that of the Weasel, but rather shorter, and its legs and claws better fitted for climbing trees, than for running along the ground. Then fur is more